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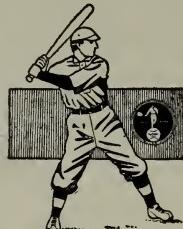


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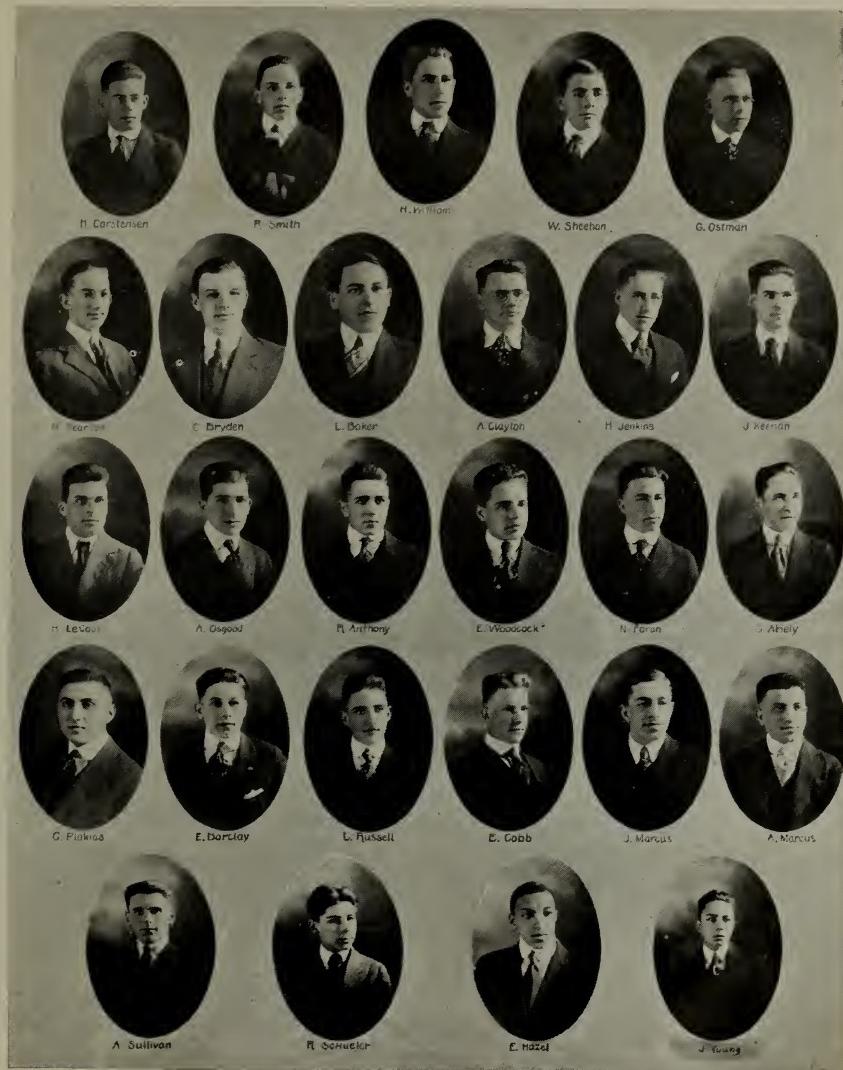
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MISS HANNAH M. TILTON.
Treasurer Senior Class.

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE WAR.

Classmates, Teachers, School Officials,
Friends:

Graduating classes of the past have welcomed you in days of peace. We of 1918 bid you welcome at this time when we are at the height of war, at a time when our thoughts are of war work, when some of our classmates have joined the colors, and when men and women, young and old, are ready to do their bit.

In past wars, women have borne their share of the burden, but never before, have women held the place that is theirs now. They are doing men's work, giving their money, time, and strength, that men may fight to save Democracy. Women of all nations strive to do their part; even in Russia, they reach out to broader fields.

News—even bad news—travels slowly

in Russia, but here, Destiny was preparing the most amazing phenomenon of the world war—the Woman Soldier; and chose Marie Bachkarova, a simple, illiterate peasant woman for the important part she was to play. Barely able to write, she penned a letter to the Czar, begging to be allowed to fight and die for Russia. She was given permission to join a regiment of men near Tomsk; and from that day became plain "Bachkarova." Two hundred and fifty women-soldiers, from all walks of life, following her standard, stood at attention, while three generals buckled on her sword, saluting her as a brother officer. These women were banded together, fighting in a mass; machine-gun companies, battalions; scouting parties, whole regiments of her. They went into battle, shouting a challenge to any deserting Russian troops. Ten were decorated for bravery, twenty-one were severely wounded and only fifty remained to take their places again with the men in the trenches. Only a few are left of that wonderful Battalion of Death, but there were five thousand women soldiers in Russia at the beginning of the winter of 1917. All over that country they are learning to "aim, load, and fire!" Yes, news travels slowly in Russia, but back in the Siberian villages, they know of the famous Bachkarova, the peasant, and her wonderful army of "Soldier Women."

The French women of the middle and lower bourgeoisie and of the farms, stepped into the shoes of men called to the colors in 1914. Women of every class, with few exceptions, work for self-support, to relieve distress, or to supply the government's efforts and expenditures. One of these women is Madam Balli, who, alone and in danger, was taken by her brother to Dinard. There, wounded soldiers were brought in on every train, and Madame Balli, bored and lonely, decided to go to the hospitals

and take cigarettes and smiles into the wards. From that day on, she has labored, becoming a valuable and resourceful aid to the government. She invented the comfort package with which we are all familiar, containing as they all do, tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, chocolate, tooth-brushes, needles, thread, etc. Wounded soldiers are taught to make beautiful bead necklaces. Madame Balli and her friends start the work and the soldiers finish them. The necklaces are sold from five to ten dollars apiece and the men are given a percentage. In this way each soldier has a good sized purse when he leaves the hospital. Madame Balli will always be remembered by those soldiers who live to remember.

In Italy, peasant women carry on trade and industry. They raise fruits and produce the oils. They also nurse, sew, and knit for the soldiers, as we do in America. Women must carry on the entire work of Italy, as their men are practically all gone.

In England are hundreds of thousands of women munition workers risking their lives every day. When the great explosions occurred in London, there was no reluctance among the women to continue their dangerous toil. The Ministry of Munitions advertised for 30,000 women workers among high explosives, and the response was keener than it had ever been. They know by taking this risk, they are helping to win the war. At the time of the big explosion in one of the munition factories, hundreds of women came staggering out wounded, but there was no fear on their faces, and within a week those fit were back again working with T. N. T. the great explosive of this war. There is not a trade nor occupation in England, except those few in which is required the highest trained skill, where woman is not proving that she is capable of becoming an effective substitute for man

during the war. Without the women of England, the war would never be won. The authorities are sending them to France to build soldiers' huts, and in opposition to every tradition of the British army, women are being taken to manage army messes as fast as they can be secured. Surely, England's women have provided the surprise of the war.

Nothing could be finer than the response given to every call by the women of our United States. The government offices at Washington have been fairly overwhelmed with offers of services. It is stated that the demands on the women of the United States will not be so great nor of the same character as those that have been made upon the women of Europe. However great the extent of our participation in the war, women will not be called upon in large numbers to do industrial work to which they have not been accustomed.

The most important and effective war work for our women is in the line of gardening. What our country needs now above all things as it enters the war, and what our allies in Europe need, is an increased food supply. This work can be placed almost wholly in women's hands, also the handling of waste paper losses as described and regulated by the Women's Economic League in New York City, for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Most of our women's minds in war time turn naturally to work for the Red Cross, which has become almost a highly organized profession, having no place for an amateur. The women are making supplies for hospitals and destitute children, as well as knitting.

To the women of the United States, the opportunity to serve will come by saving, by home service in their gardens and kitchens, and by releasing men who are doing work that women can do.

The now familiar "Yeowoman" is doing her part in the Navy, by allowing the yeoman to go on the ships to fight.

There are great possibilities for our women in the future, and if this war continues, they may have to join their European sisters in keeping up the industry of the world. We are sure that our American women will prove as efficient as their European sisters, when called to the colors.

Estelle L. Mathewson.

FARM SERVICE.

Food! Food! Food! How to raise sufficient food to supply our troops abroad and our people at home is the problem which the government is endeavoring to solve.

We have not only our own soldiers and people to feed, but we must aid our allies who have for four years carried on the great struggle in which we are now involved. Are we, who have been in the war only a year, going to fail our allies in this great need? We must not. We must cultivate our resources so as to obtain the most advantageous and beneficial results from them. Every American must put himself to the plough and either do his share in conserving as much food as possible or in producing it. The great difficulty is the question of labor. With men constantly leaving the farms to shoulder a gun, how may we obtain men enough to till the soil and produce this great quantity of food? As a means of solving this problem, the nation has adopted what should be a most profitable arrangement.

The Farm Service Movement plans to enlist all high school boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one; form them into units, and place them on nearby farms to serve during the required months, paying them satisfactory wages for their labor. An enlistment card con-

taining the pledge of service will be required, and a badge will be issued to the recruit. All necessary arrangements will be made for the completion of the school work and for the entrance to a higher educational institution. Schools and colleges have heartily co-operated with the plan, and the boys' education will in no way be affected.

After the completion of the term of enlistment or after six weeks at least have been spent in farm service, an honorable discharge is awarded to the boy, that is if his conduct has been satisfactory. The supervisor is the judge of this. He is the one who is authorized by the government to have full charge of the boys while in camp. The presentation of these honorable discharges is the government's means of showing its appreciation, and every farm recruit should be proud to own one.

The organization will be designated as the "Boys' Working Reserve of America." Last year the movement was confined to state auspices and was in reality only an experiment. It proved so successful that the nation has this year taken up the idea on a much larger scale. Last year badges bearing the state insignia were issued to all boys who enlisted, to be worn during the term of service and on all proper occasions. This year the badges will bear the emblem of the nation with the inscription, "Boys' Working Reserve U. S. A." Thus last year's experiment has developed into a great national movement.

The effect upon the boy who undertakes this patriotic duty is certainly the most beneficial. Just examine one of the young men on his return in the fall, and you will be convinced that he is in a condition to make any football team. The manual labor, although in many cases a new undertaking, develops his muscles and makes a man of him. At the age of sixteen, a boy is already on

the threshold of manhood and, if normally developed for that age, should be benefited by a little strenuous exercise of his muscles. With three square meals a day to furnish the vigor for the satisfactory accomplishment of a hard day's work, the youth feels decidedly better when "turning in time" comes, and very seldom are there any cases of insomnia which signify a poor condition of either the mind or body. No matter to what the boy returns in the fall, be it school, business, or higher service for Uncle Sam in the army or navy, he is in a better condition than if he had not undertaken this service on the farm.

The farm on which a group of Winthrop boys spent last summer was not altogether typical as it is the country estate of a rich Boston lawyer. Nevertheless it was a farm on which real work had to be done. The farm itself consisted of eight hundred acres of land. It included a dairy containing about fifty Guernsey cattle, private stables, in which were kept the riding horses for the use of the family, the bird farm, consisting of all varieties of poultry, 3000 in number, the green houses, and the kitchen garden where the vegetables for the family use were raised.

On a hill overlooking the farm was an old but attractive cottage of colonial style where the seventeen boys lived. All the rooms and three tents were neatly furnished, and everything was sanitary and comfortable. A shower bath was installed, and every boy was required to take his evening shower before supper. Besides this a large lake was available in which all enjoyed "great old" swims.

Recreation, a most important factor in a boy's life, was enjoyed after work was over. Of course the first thing in a boy's mind after putting away his tools was to store a good meal under his belt and

after this had been attended to, baseball games, quoit tournaments, shot putting contests, or wrestling bouts took place. Due to the nearness of the town, moving pictures were added to the weekly program. Combine with these the contribution of nature, its vigor and health, and we have the means of recreation for a boy on a farm. With such a program, a boy certainly should be happy if normally constructed. There is no doubt that after a summer spent in this way he may feel gratified not only by his healthy condition, but also because he has helped his country.

A new plan for feeding the boys will be tried this year. During the winter, boys, who volunteered as cooks, have been undergoing training and will act as proficient cooks in the camps this summer. The enthusiasm of the boys in this movement is rapidly increasing and if this spirit, together with the persistent effort of the boys behind the plough, remains constant, Uncle Sam and the allies need have no fear of starvation.

Samuel Patrick, Jr.

If anyone would like to hear some genuine musical laughter, just step into Room 30, when something funny is said. They (the laughs) go right up the scale, and are warranted not to go off the pitch.

One pupil spelled "don't" d-o-n-t, and then, because it was marked wrong, asked, "Is it wrong if the apostrophe is in the wrong place?"

The Good Old Days.

Miss Gilliland: "Who remembers that law?"

Pupil: "Why, everyone could go to the capitol and buy corn free."

Well known sayings:

"I've left my paper up stairs."

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School Physician—William J. Porter.

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Miss Helen C. Mixter, Director.

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Cornets—Edward O'Toole, Helen O'Toole.

Drums—Flora O'Toole.

Piano—Marjorie Somerville.

HUMAN PHASES OF THE WAR.

No longer do the warring nations dwell in flowery language on the glory of the war. To the "Tommies," the "Poilus," the "Kilties," and our own brave "Yanks" who have been in the trenches, such an attitude is a hollow farce. But eager humanity needs always some ideal from which to draw its courage, so now we find our inspiration in the splendid human characters that nobly play their parts, whether little or big, in the great struggle.

The youthful King Albert and his beautiful queen are doubtless the most romantic figures among the royalty, because of their steadfast loyalty to their people and to each other, their sorrow, and their unwavering courage.

One incident of the beginning of the war, when Wilhelm was carrying on such an extensive correspondence, has stirred the soul of all Europe, but until recently has been practically unknown here. The Kaiser had a rather paternal feeling for King Albert, the German princes having been very intimate with him, with much neighborly visiting between the two courts. So, after determining to cross Belgium, he sent a patronizing message to the King, that he should on no account try to hinder the invasion. If he chose, he might send a formal protest, just for appearance's sake, which would of course be disregarded, but the less disturbance the better, for the Germans were going to cross Belgium! And Albert replied with one word! A word that must have made the Kaiser's world topple about his ears for an astonished moment—a word that will be the most precious quotation of future Belgium's history. "Try!" Try! a clarion call, full of pathos, but the most glorious the world has ever known!

And now it is the brave young queen

who speaks, "So long as there is one square foot of Belgian soil unconquered by the Germans, I shall be on it!"

A Serbian in the trenches has invented a unique cause of the war with his nation which might also apply to the Belgian. It savors of the old Moors and Persians. According to him, the Sultan of Turkey sent a sack of rice to King Peter, meaning—"My army is as numerous as the grains in this sack," and King Peter, by returning a small bag of red peppers, replied, "My army is not very numerous, but it's mighty hot stuff!"

A definite purpose lies behind the German atrocities—to destroy all records, that the dazed children shall forget their nationality. But a nurse had an inspiration. The foreign child's prayer like our "now I lay me" is never forgotten. This nurse composed a prayer to follow the customary one. In it, each child tells his name, the names of his parents, and his birthplace. Thus living records are formed that may sometime return these waifs to the lands of their birth.

These children are gallant little soldiers, going to school with gas masks over their arms, traveling pathetically long distances with no adult to guide, and singing their national anthems under fire from the Taubes.

It has become the custom of the Germans, when they know that hundreds of children are assembling to march to a place of safety to bomb them—a terrible example of their fiendishness! But the children, both in Poland and Belgium, instead of screaming and crying, unexpectedly burst into song.

Everywhere are caves or cellars for refuge from the air-raids. Those marked "Especially Safe!" are for the children, and the good old Pe Pere or "Daddy" as the man who must marshal them is nicknamed has a hard time. The youngsters feel it a trespass on their liberty, and at the first signal of "Taube," all rush to

hide from Pe Pere's eyes in the ruins, and even up to their necks in rainbarrels that they may see all that goes on, just as the wee Londoners beg to be allowed to "stay up, and see the 'Zepps'."

The most pathetic and dramatic fact of the eventful Russian summer of '17 was the formation of the Women's Legion of Death.

A girl said, the other day, that "although she did not approve of Bacharova and her followers, believing woman's place to be in the home, she yet thought them sincere." Thought them sincere, indeed! That could be said of the guillotine knitters! The colossal impudence of anyone who can say he does not "approve" of these women who have "dedicated their lives, to heal the sick soul of their nation," and the hollowness of the adage, "Woman's place is in the home," when so pathetic a number of them have seen the flames creep over their homes.

They carry a white and gold standard, but the red and black on their sleeves are their true colors—red for the Revolution that must not die, and black for the death that is preferable to Russia's dishonor.

When they cut off their soft curls and long braids, they pledged themselves to fight or die for their country and put aside all superficial femininities, but the true womanliness in them cannot be hidden. Even Bacharova, with the deep, full-toned voice and strength of a man, put her arms around the girl she had just lectured for some infraction of discipline, and the soft-eyed aide-de-camp in telling of their first engagement says, "She forgot we were soldiers, and called us 'children' when she gave the orders."

There is an immense difference between the spirit of the German soldier and that of the allies. There is an air almost of relief about the Fritzes when they are captured. At the beginning of

the war there was the light of high purpose, and the certainty of success in their eyes; now their faces show only baffled, sullen hate.

Those taken prisoners show that they believe France invaded their Fatherland and seem incapable of receiving any other idea. Another of their "facts" is that the United States cares only for money. When the first American troops reached France, and paraded through the streets, German prisoners were brought out, and marched around them. It was quite a long walk, and was expected to make a vivid impression on their minds. American uniforms and faces! The bands playing our national anthem, and the glorious stars and stripes floating gallantly before;—the excitable French throngs were wild with enthusiasm and hope; but did the prisoners believe that these were American troops? No, indeed! They had been told that the United States would never enter the war, and they tenaciously clung to that fact. The stubbornness of the German intellect is a marvel, but the allied soldiers are singularly unprejudiced against their enemies. They have quite a paternal feeling for their own Fritzes, and are ready to fight anyone who meddles with them.

And there is the story that recalls Sir Philip Sidney. A Frenchman, painfully wounded, was lying beside a German, who, unless he were cared for immediately, would die. When the stretcher-bearers came, the Poilu directed them to take the other first, choosing to endure himself, a three hours' wait to save the life of a Hun.

There is also the white-haired French peasant woman who tends two German graves in her garden in memory of her own two sons.

The whole attitude of the allies is healthier than that of the Germans. There is no "Hymn of Hate." They march

to "Onward Christian Soldiers," or comical ragtime of their own composition. They name their biggest mortar "Mosquito" because it stings, and paraphrase "Nothing is more beautiful than our patrie" to "Nothing is more false than our battery" which is very fitting in that deceptive land where there are four fake batteries to one real one, and all masquerade under delicate shades of green and yellow with odd pink spots to relieve the monotony.

There, every man is a hero, and those who have medals are almost ashamed of them since they know that nearly all their comrades deserve them.

One of the most beautiful and remarkable changes brought about by the war is in the attitude toward religion. To the soldiers, belief is becoming one of the most simple and natural necessities of existence. The creeds and theology matter little to them. The Protestants and Catholics are crossing easily, the high, imaginary barrier that has separated them so long, through the Catholics' generous offer of their vaults and cathedrals to all sects for shelter from the Taubes, and the Y. M. C. A. of their huts for Catholic services.

Kathleen Burke tells of a Mohomedan who comforted a dying poilu by tenderly repeating for him the Ave Maria.

The religion of the trenches is one of action. Life seems so short that they can't think much about prayers but try to cheer up the other chaps and keep their own courage high. It is a religion in which doing one's "bit" plays a large part.

"To do one's bit"—the laughing, the enduring and the total unselfishness are in those four words. Something of the soul's best has lain sleeping, but now, under the fiery need it awakes, full of tenderness and strength, capable of heroic sacrifice to save mankind.

Ambition has lately been petted and idealism scorned, but now the great war of history is being waged. It is between these two, and we are on the side of the ideal.

Alice Phinney, '18.

WIRELESS AND ITS PRESENT DAY USES.

Wireless Telegraphy we recognize as a modern invention, although attempts at similar communication were made as early as the 18th century. The early scientists failed, because they were working from a theory which they could not develop. A famous scientist, Heinrich Hertz, showed in 1888 that electric waves follow the same laws as light waves. This, then, is the theory which Marconi, in 1896, started to work upon, that electric waves may be propagated from one set of instruments and be detected by others.

Marconi continued to work upon this theory and then announced that he could send messages from one station to another without the use of intermediary wires. Thus, Marconi, the first pioneer to reach the goal toward which so many men had struggled in vain, deserves the credit of inventing the wireless. This idea was expressed perfectly by Judge Wm. R. Townsend of the U. S. Circuit Court when he said, "Other inventors, venturing forth upon the sea of electrical movement, met the rising tide of the Hertzian Waves, and allowed them to roll by, without appreciating that this new current was destined to carry onward the freight and traffic of the world commerce. They noted the manifestations, suspected their possibilities, disclosed their characteristics, and hesitated, hearing the breakers ahead, and imaging barriers of impractical channels and shifting sand bars. Marconi, daring to hoist his sail and explore the

unknown current, first disclosed the new highway."

From the very first, radio apparatus continued to improve, and today, more than ever, it claims the attention of our scientists of the keenest intellect, who are struggling with its many problems and are making wireless more indispensable every day. Today it is possible to send a message half-way around the world, without its having to be once relayed. The United States Government has foreseen the great possibilities of wireless and has erected some of the largest and most powerful stations in the world. The newest of the stations, the one in San Diego, California, exceeds in size and power even the great Arlington, Virginia, station. San Diego is capable of sending and receiving messages 12,000 miles through the air. The stations at Tuckerton, N. J., and at Sayville, L. I., connect this country directly with Germany, and were built for commercial purposes alone. The hundreds of smaller stations make a chain which will connect Cape Horn with Alaska. Thus we see that this country can communicate, officially and commercially, with any nation at a moment's notice.

The majority of ships, both ocean-going and coast-wise, are today equipped with radio apparatus. Its advantages are manifold, both to the steamship company and to the passengers. Thus it is possible for passengers to keep in touch with their families or their business concerns, and the captain, with the S. S. office.

The knowledge of the fact that radio apparatus is on board, alone, is enough to bring relief to the minds of many people. Their faith in the "S. O. S." has been justified in the past. Let us hope it may be justified in the future. Because of the effectiveness of the distress signal, millions of dollars worth of property have been saved and thousands of lives, an item which cannot be reckoned

in mere dollars, have been rescued from a grave in the deep. The passengers of the Republic, the Titanic, the Volturno, and the Cobequid, and countless others have been saved by the distress call. The number of lives saved since the beginning of the war, alone, mounts up into the thousands.

Inasmuch as wireless is a great advantage to a commercial boat for communicative reasons, it is even more indispensable to a naval boat. Wireless hastens the speed with which the orders are given from ship to ship, and it also insures communication which might not otherwise exist, as in the case of a fog. By means of radio, submarines, both friendly and hostile, have been able to communicate as far as a thousand miles.

Probably the greatest use of wireless on the battlefield today, is in airplanes and observation balloons. The balloon observers can direct the firing of the big guns with great accuracy, and the airplane operators can send valuable information from some distance over the lines, although they cannot receive because of the noise of the motors.

Wireless is used in the army also, in order to insure constant communication. With wireless no connecting wires can be broken, as they can be in telegraph lines. The army today employs a standard pack set which is a model of compactness. These portable sets are carried by motorcycles, and therefore do not lack the facilities for quickly carrying them to new fields.

Other advantages are derived from wireless, besides that of speedy and certain communication. We see more clearly every day its great possibilities; when we scan the list of recent radio inventions. One of these inventions is the direction finder. As its name implies, the operator can tell from which direction certain signals are coming. Thus a false position given by an unknown

enemy ship would be detected. This device has been used successfully by U. S. Government officials in running down secret enemy stations in this country.

By means of another device, a vessel need no longer fear collision with other ships in the fog. The fundamental law by which this device is operated is the time it takes sound to travel through the air. Wireless and sound waves are sent out simultaneously, and the difference between the times of the reception of the two waves, indicates how far away the other apparatus is. In the same manner the position of a lighthouse having a radio fog-signalling apparatus may be ascertained and the position of the ship verified.

The admirable work of Mr. John Rathom, editor of the Providence Journal, in exposing the plots and treachery of Germany in this country, was largely due to his "listening in" on the Sayville and Tuckerton stations in their communication with Germany and then decoding and deciphering the messages.

We have seen to what great efficiency and perfection wireless has gone, how it is an indispensable means of communication on the sea, how a great many inventions depend upon it, but wireless still offers to our inventors and our scientists a huge field, wherein they may perfect the few defects, make the good points still stronger and thus present to mankind, Wireless Telegraphy in its highest degree of efficiency.

Allen Clayton.

INFLUENCE OF WAR UPON ART.

That war has had an influence upon art cannot be denied. Art has proved itself to be of such great use that it would be hard for the armies to get along without it. Art has served as handmaiden to the war on both sides, but, like liberty,

she must stand aghast at some of the crimes committed in her name.

Even the Germans themselves show chagrin over some outcroppings in the form of medals. Germany boasts of at least 580 varieties of these war medals. There are those with the portrait of the Emperor and a hundred or more "Victory Pennies," which commemorate the "Zeppelin attacks on the London Docks," and "Bombardment of Scarborough and Hartlepool by German Ships." On one is seen the German eagle gazing at the fortifications of Paris. His expression is wistful, almost to the verge of tears.

One medal will always be of importance, the "Lusitania Medal" which was made by Herr Gotz. According to this, the attack on the Lusitania was made on May 5, 1915, but the actual date was two days later. Sinister deductions have been drawn from this discrepancy. But it must be doubted whether the German naval authorities would have confided their intentions to Herr Gotz in Munich, although it is quite possible that he may have begun his design at the time when the impudent German warning to intending passengers was published in the American press. In any case, the discrepancy is a good instance of the way in which metallic evidence for historical events needs to be verified.

Modern art has played into the enemy's hands in a way that the art of the past could never have been imagined as doing. In drawings or sketches are many lines and strokes in which those who do not understand fail to see any significance. But the ever watchful German spy finds in them a hiding place for his code messages, and so information about our defences in the Caribbean reaches Germany by way of Spain. Of Sturzel, the artist, the New York Tribune says: "What is believed to be his most ingenious trick to give secret information to Germany via Spain was in the form of a

line-and-wash drawing for the Puerto Rico *Ilustrado* in 1917, which appeared as the cover design of the periodical in the issue of January 5 of this year, and which was entitled "Tipo Arabe." This paper has a large circulation in Spain, and Sturzel was aware that, through no incriminating effort on his part, his cryptic illustrations would fall into the proper hands in Barcelona, Valencia, or Cartagena, and eventually reach German destination.

Persons familiar with the handling of codes and cryptograms have expressed the belief that in his cover design Sturzel may have revealed important information to the enemy, especially as to American activities and defences in the Caribbean. This was given particular significance, since it was known that German agents have been active in Caribbean and West Indian waters, and that the Kaiser had many sympathizers in Venezuela.

This shows how art has proved useful to the enemy.

"The quickness of the hand deceived the eye," was the old saying of the magician; but modern science, enlisting art, has created a better agency for deceiving, than even the old magician knew. Its name is camouflage. We hear it everywhere; but most of us who are away from the war-zone have seen few of its manifestations. It is now the skill of the hand, and not its quickness, which deceives the eye.

Camouflage is not an incidental function of modern warfare, it is a vital equipment. It is the garment of invisibility that is capable of not only protecting the individual soldier and the furniture of war, but of screening the movements of an entire army. It is an art that is still in its crude stages of development, and one that is capable of almost unlimited possibilities. The French, with characteristic alertness, were quick to appreciate its great use-

fulness and continue to employ it with rare skill; the Germans lost no time in their endeavor to outdo the French, and the British accepted it as a modern necessity, but practised it at first with a heavy hand and with lack of grace and imagination.

As H. G. Wells humorously' puts it in his book, "Italy, France, and Britain at war" . . . many of the British tents look as though they had been daubed over by protesting man muttering, "Foolery!" as he did it.

Camouflage is not merely a matter of daubing paint, but it calls for the right sort of daubing and the right sort of color, and, above all, demands skilful consideration and direction.

It was the protective coloring of birds and animals that led the French to study this form of protection. They darkened the high lights along the top of a gun-barrel and lightened its under surface, using the colors that went with the surroundings. With this as a foundation they began streaking the outlines with crooked streaks and blotches, all very weird to see close to, but at a distance, if invisibility was not accomplished, at least confusion to the eye resulted. A gun painted in this way raised a doubt in the mind of the observer and blinded him to its importance.

"The American has yet to win his spurs as a camoufleur. What the French were ingenious enough to invent and the Germans to copy, the American ought to make a business—not a cut-and-dried business, but one directed with level reasoning and touched by American humor and inventiveness."

Upon these three things in art—medals, drawings, and camouflage—war certainly has had its influence. It has developed the use and number of medals and betrayed through them the German mind, it has given to the spy a new device for sending secret news to Germany

and finally, art has revealed to us all one of its most valuable possibilities—Camouflage.

Marion Rogers.

BOSTON HARBOR OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!"

—Longfellow.

Long before these lines were written, but with this sentiment echoing through their hearts, the early New England ship-builders set bravely about building the fleet of wooden vessels that brought such renown to Boston in later years.

The settlers of New England, exiled from all other nations, and with the sea the only means of the foreign intercourse so necessary, naturally turned their attention to ship-building at an early stage.

Boston harbor was an admirable port, well suited to this industry and soon became the center of the shipping interest, with a record for quantity, quality and speed of her vessels that was worldwide.

On July 4, 1631, a small band gathered on the shore of the Mystic river, Medford, near Ten Hills' Farm and with prayers for a safe voyage, bade farewell to the little ship, the first to be launched from a New England port, the "Blessing of the Bay" which was to begin its first voyage to the Dutch on Long Island. The sailing of this vessel, half-trader, half-fighter, built by Governor Winthrop and manned by a colony-trained crew, marked the beginning of commerce with the outside world.

The "Trail" built by Captain Nehemiah Bourne was the first ship to sail from Boston harbor to the Azores and West

Indies from which it returned laden with wine, fruit, linen, oil, and wool. The voyage of this ship greatly encouraged trade and, in spite of the difficulty of obtaining money, workmen, etc., Massachusetts sent out every year a vast fleet of wooden ships.

It is interesting to know that the largest ship ever built at or near Boston, the "County's Wonder" was entirely constructed on the common under the direction of Nathaniel Perley and was drawn by yokes of oxen one mile and one-half to the river.

To Massachusetts falls the honor of having built, launched and named the first schooner of distinctly Yankee type. The term schooner was applied at the launching of a new type of ship at Gloucester, where some spectator exclaimed "See how she 'scoons'!" and immediately the name schooner was given to all ships of that type, a two-masted, fore-and-aft rigged vessel. Gloucester has been ever since the home of the schooner. Captain Robinson, who built this schooner, was also noted as a fisherman.

Besides trade to the West Indies and to ports on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, China was a destination early sought by trading vessels. A remarkable opening was at hand in China then, and in exchange for lumber, ginseng, cotton goods, opium and quicksilver, the ships returned with tea, silk and matting. No foreign merchants were allowed to remain in Canton the whole year and after their transactions were settled, they returned to Macao, where they awaited new ships; nor were foreigners allowed in the custom house, a linguist being employed for that purpose. It is said that the Chinese could not tell the Americans from the English at first, and that it was not until they were shown a map and saw that America was a separate country, that they realized the importance of a trade and the advantages that would

naturally arise from intercourse with such a nation. Trade to Japan, as well as China, was established at about this same time, and another valuable source of profit became known to the merchants.

Among other honors, Boston can boast of owning the first ship to circumnavigate the globe and to visit the Northwest coast. This ship, "Columbia," built on the North river, and financed by several prominent Boston men interested in fur-trade with the Northwest, set sail September 30, 1917, accompanied by the "Lady Washington." After encountering many dangers and experiencing many trials, the ship finally sailed into Boston in August of 1790, after carrying the American flag around the world. The next year the ship set out for a second voyage and discovered the Columbia river, which was later given its name.

Likewise Boston harbor itself of today has extended far beyond that of those former years in size and importance of its trade.

Where many years ago there was a grass-covered hill sloping to the water-edge between the numerous wharves, now one sees in the distance, tall gray buildings looming up, casting a forbidding glance over the city, wreathed in the smoke from the factories, and nearer one discerns more clearly the outlines of large store-houses, grain elevators, ware-rooms, etc., which front the harbor.

Away to the north is Charlestown Navy Yard with its net-work of wireless outfitts hiding their tops in the fleecy clouds. Hidden behind the long piers lie the battleships, ready for action, swarming with blue-jacketed sailor-boys, waiting only for a word to steam out into the sea to defend America from her relentless foe.

One of the largest piers of Boston harbor is Commonwealth Pier. This has been recently taken over by the Government and will be used henceforth for

government purposes only. Surpassing Commonwealth Pier in size will be the pier now in construction at South Boston. This prophesies a great future for Boston in the commercial line and Boston will be second to no harbor in the importance of its foreign trade. Commonwealth's rival will be at East Boston, which, it is expected, will soon be completed.

One sees instead of the gay clipper sailing out of Boston harbor, every sail set to catch the faint breeze, a long vessel of sinister appearance, giddily and gaudily painted in every conceivable pattern and stripe, hardly perceptible, at a short distance, against the vari-colored brick and wood of the ware-houses and buildings along the waters-edge. Camouflage to fool the Hun!

Thus, Yankee ships from New England harbors have spread like a fan to all quarters of the globe and have made the American flag known in every harbor and sea-port from the Pacific coast around to China.

From Boston came the first vessel to carry the American flag around the world; the fastest clippers that established trade with China and hold world records, and those that made the supremacy of the Yankee clipper known and respected in every far-off corner of the globe.

Long live the Yankee sea-men and their famous vessels and may Boston forever strive to hold and maintain its former prestige among ports and harbors of America!

Marjorie Nazro.

CHEMISTRY IN MODERN WARFARE.

Modern warfare is largely a matter of chemistry. The time when personal valor and pure military strategy were the deciding factors has passed, for human beings, no matter how brave or

clever, cannot stand up against the terrible power of modern high explosives, nor the rain of steel poured forth from machine guns and repeating high-power rifles. The greatest courage in the world avails but little against the submarine or the airplane, both of which depend on chemistry for their manufacture and operation.

All the materials of which submarines are constructed have been developed by chemistry, largely for the special purpose to which they are devoted. The metals forming a part of the great steel shell of the submarine, and those used in the most delicate pieces of navigating apparatus alike owe their present state of refinement to chemistry. The problem of fuel, lubricating oil, and storage battery materials must be solved by chemical means. As to the food question, chemists are ever working to find edible substances, such as beef cubes, milk powders, and egg substitutes in powder form, which will take up the least room inside the submarine, the most room inside the men, and not add too much to the horrors of war. Some years ago a pellet was manufactured, which, its makers claimed, possessed all the food value to be derived from a good square meal, though the pellet itself was round in form. Those who were forced to eat it, however, objected so strenuously to consuming soup, fish, meat, and strawberry short-cake in one gulp, that the use of the pellet was discontinued, and the ideal food is yet to be found.

In aerial warfare chemistry is again supreme. Airplanes obtain their motive power from "gas" or benzine, both chemical products.

Balloons and Zeppelins depend for their lifting force on hydrogen, lightest of gases, and because of the large volume of hydrogen necessary, the problem of its manufacture during a military campaign is a difficult one. The Russians use

soda and aluminum turnings. It is believed that the Germans decompose water into its components, hydrogen and oxygen, and then pipe the hydrogen long distances to the place where it is to be used.

Another important factor in the war is the poison gas, used to drive the enemy from their trenches.

When the Germans first used gas at Ypres in 1915, it seemed as if the whole tide of battle must be turned in their favor. The allied chemists, however, soon found efficient means of protection, and retaliation was simple, as they had the whole realm of organic chemistry from which to derive material. A mixture of chlorine and phosgene gives the most deadly results. The gases are usually manufactured in large chemical plants and compressed into steel tanks for shipment. When it is desired to use the gas it is merely necessary to open a valve and let it shoot forth. There is another method of gassing—that of sending the cylinders over in the form of shells which explode and send their deadly contents through a whole trench, for gas, unlike ordinary missiles, can turn corners.

The great flare or "Very" lights, used at night on the battlefield to make surprise attacks difficult are produced by chemical means. The home dugouts look pretty good to the Hun soldiers advancing in close formation when these lights suddenly make the region to be crossed as bright as day.

Chemistry is used in warfare not only as a means of destruction, but it is also essential in the work of protection and repair.

The only defence against gas attacks is through the use of masks covered with or containing chemicals which combine with and neutralize the gas. A solution of sodium thiosulphate, the "hypo" of the photographer, is used as a protection against chlorine and kindred gases.

The sanitary corps is recognized as one of the most important divisions of the military staff, and without chemistry much of its work would be impossible. Thousands of tons of bleaching powder are used every month to disinfect the trenches, and to prevent the corpses of the dead from becoming a menace to the health of the living. Chlorine gas is also used for purposes of sanitation, especially in the purification of water.

The secret service department is far from slow in making use of the arts of the chemists. In the transmission of confidential dispatches an invisible ink is used, so that the writing becomes visible only on treating the paper with certain chemicals. It then becomes the duty of the staff of chemists employed in the enemy's censorship bureau to discover the means of detecting these messages.

So far we have considered only what chemistry has done for modern warfare. Let us now consider what modern warfare has done for chemistry.

The chemists in the various countries cut off from the normal source of raw materials, urged by necessity, have made artificially at least two-thirds of these materials. Oils and fats were needed in warring countries. Chemists are now making these artificially. Cottonseed oil has found an efficient substitute in an oil made from the seeds of sunflowers. "Oleo" is being made from whale oil hardened with hydrogen. Cotton was needed for the manufacture of explosives. Once more the chemist came to the rescue and substituted cellulose made from willow bark or nettle fibre.

Artificial camphor and rubber are both being made. New alloys have to a large extent replaced the much more costly copper. Nitrogen is being fixed to be used in fertilizers. Synthetic food stuffs are coming into use, and yet this list does not begin to cover the new inventions.

So we see a few of the wonders which

the chemist has accomplished during the past few years. The field of his activity is ever growing wider. Who knows what will come next? What new discoveries will be made? By whom will the whole course of the war or of industrial progress be changed?

VALEDICTORY.

Classmates, this night of our graduation marks the end of four of the happiest years we shall ever enjoy. The past, with its mistakes and failures, and its signal successes, lies behind—before us the future allures with its brilliant possibilities. We pay our verbal thanks tonight to our teachers, this splendid body of men and women who have so earnestly sought to start us aright—to the school officials—and to our parents, whose unselfishness has permitted us to proceed so far in our education. But we shall do more in return than this. We shall make this night Commencement Night in fact as well as in name. There can be no greater sign of our appreciation than the fact that each of us prove worthy of the training here received—that each of us give his all unreservedly in the service of his state, of his country—and of humanity.

VALE!

Rosalie Cobb.

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT.

Everyone without exception is playing some part, great or small, in this great world's war. We are all helping, all trying to do our utmost to establish democracy. If we cannot fight, build ships, work for the government or plant war gardens, we can give our money. There is actually very little we give, for the most part of it is an investment.

Take for instance, the Liberty Loan, aren't we going to get back all we give,

plus our interest? And isn't the result the same in the case of the War Saving Stamps?

This great band of mercy, the Red Cross, during the week of May 12 was calling for help to the amount of \$100,000,000. To what better need could you give your money? We all know the great and noble work that this organization is doing, the relief it is giving our own soldier boys, and the comfort and love it will bring, possibly to your own sons and our brothers on the battle-fields, providing it has dollars to carry on its work.

Everyone with any feeling has his heart "over there," somewhere on the battlefield and wishing he could do his bit and give his all to help those brave boys.

Therefore the class of 1918, bearing in mind the former graduates from the Winthrop High school, who are now in the various branches of the service, voted to give the Red Cross one hundred dollars. This one hundred dollars was to swell Winthrop's quota and help our loyal and patriotic town to go "over the top."

So it gives me great pleasure as president of the class of 1918 to present to Mr. Tibbetts, Winthrop's representative of the Red Cross, our class gift of one hundred dollars.

Joseph Burke.

FOLLIES OF 1918.

- A. Marcus—Caruso.
- C. Metcalf—"Bring back my Daddy to me."
- B. Verlin—"I don't want to get well."
- L. Lappen—"There was a little girl and she had a little curl."
- S. Honan—"Oh, Boy!"
- R. Cobb—"Over the Top."
- E. Douglas—Me for you, Edie.
- G. Horton—Camouflage?
- N. McGurn—"Silence is golden."
- M. Nazro—Another curtain call.
- C. Baker—"N'everythin'."
- L. Baker—We want a basket.
- H. LeCour—Our all round star.
- G. Reade, M. Reade—"Useless each without the other."
- A. Tewksbury—The Deacon.
- V. Jackson—Curly locks will you be mine?
- A. McAuliffe—Miss Howatt's little helper.
- D. Sewall—"Tickle Toe."
- M. James—Whose pretty baby are you now?
- M. Kuhlewein—Gymnast par excellence.
- T. Vickerson—Our Nightingale.
- H. Jenkins—The naval howitzer.
- S. Patrick, Jr.—Our Editor-Farmer.
- N. Foran—Mercury.
- T. Griffiths—"There's a service flag flying at his house."
- R. Anthony—"If he can fight like he can love—"
- L. Jenks—Mr. Jazz, himself.
- L. Swift—Be Frank.
- E. Woodcock—The Woman Hater.
- S. Carstensen—"The Sunshine of your smile."
- D. Gilgan—I just can't make my eyes behave.
- M. Gilgan—Bang, bang!
- V. Peterson—"She's got a pair of eyes that speak of love and everything."
- A. Sullivan—"Along came another little girl."
- J. Burke—"Keep your eyes on the girlie you love."
- H. Carstensen—He may be old but he's got young ideas.
- M. Benson—Q. T. U. C. I. M. 4U—
- D. Gleason—Follow the cook.
- Regina Martineau—Little, but oh my!
- Edward Barclay—"Very good, Eddie."
- George Abely—He loves the ladies(?)
- Marion Fox—"Laugh and be fat."
- Ursula Muldoon, Mildred Mooney—Our two conversationalists.

Estelle Mathewson—Salute the salutarian.

Margaret Dunn—"Still waters run deep."

Doris Hannaford—Our "Connie Mack."

John Keenan—"Oh Johnnie, oh Johnnie!"

Margie Lee—Maybe she's afraid.

Gladys Kehew—When he comes back.

Helen Ingalls—Ingalls, next!

Colby Bryden—Watch your step, Colby, cigarettes will stunt your growth.

Mary Dervan—Oh! Girls!

Gladys Packard—Our versatile lady.

Leonard Russell—Our bashful boy.

Frances Frank—"Thither Thuthie."

May Verry, Ethel Verry—Two little mice.

Theresa Strong—What! Hurt again?

Reginald Schueler—Our Chemist.

Marion Rogers—There's a lad in khaki.

Eleanor McCarthy, Miriam McCarthy—Alike in name, but oh, so different!

Lelah Moriarty—"Words are not needed at all."

Marjorie White, Alice Phinney, Dorothy Littlefield—Who said "Peanut Club?"

Catherine Murray—Her only fault is that she has none.

Alfred Osgood—It is impossible to love and be wise.

Bertha Miller—Hello, Berfa!

Ruth Benson—La plus petite.

Mildred Donoghue—Like the Seasons.

Charles Foote—Right on the job.

Evelyn Ham—The Ham what am.

Dorothy Bergin—No need of a postman.

Pauline Itzkowitz—Whistle it.

Doris Mortimer—Me myself, and I.

Helen Scott—Headache, Helen?

Olive Evans—Some giggle!

William Sheehan, Margaret Sheehan—There's two you'll meet, who can't be beat.

Mildred Pero—Mum's the word.

Anna Silberberg—Oh Lady, Lady!

Lillian Nelson—"Lily, lily of the Valley."

George Plakias—"Let George do it."

George Ostman—A studious student?

Allen Clayton—Another book-worm.

Jacob Marcus—"The Tailor Made man."

Roger Pearson—We would like to know you.

Inez Wingersky—Our old stand-by.

Vera Wingersky—Come on. Be clubby!

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD.

I saw the spires of Oxford

As I was passing by.

The gray spires of Oxford

Against a pearl-gray sky.

My heart was with the Oxford men

Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,

The golden years and gay.

The hoary colleges look down

On careless boys at play.

But when the bugle sounded war

They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,

The cricket-field, the quad.

The shaven lawns of Oxford

To seek a bloody sod—

They gave their merry youth away

For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,

Who laid your good lives down,

Who took the khaki and the gun

Instead of cap and gown.

God bring you to a fairer place

Than even Oxford town.

Winifred M. Letts.

Read by Arthur Sullivan.

CLASS HISTORY.

Scene—Waiting room of Alumni Club.

Time—Day before the reunion of the class of 1918.

Eleanor McCarthy—(sitting alone in the room and writing industriously)—

I can hardly think of a thing, and there was so much that happened in our high school career, too! (Throws down pen and starts to leave, running into Rosalie Cobb.)

Grand Welcome.

El.—I am glad you've come to help me out. The reunion committee wanted someone to write the reminiscences of our high school days, and of course wished the task on me. You have a better memory than I; sit down and tell me a few things to put in.

Cobb—It seems like old times. They were always dragging up the past and throwing it in my face! What have you written so far?

El.—Well, I'm halfway through the first year. Listen—

In the fall of 1914 a crowd of about 350 youngsters swooped down upon the High School.—(That was we)—The teachers who had been in Europe when the war broke out took a look at us, and then solemnly declared that they wished they'd stayed on the other side where life was comparatively quiet and peaceful!

Things had just begun to go smoothly when all the school was shocked and saddened by the sudden death of our beloved principal, Mr. Osborne.

The question was raised of disbanding the football team, but on account of their splendid record the boys deemed it best to keep on, and closed the season with a 26-0 victory over Revere. Some credit for this conquest belongs to '18's representative on the field—Joey Burke.

Our class officers for this year were Harold Le Cour, president; Martha Kuhlewein, vice-president; Kenneth French, secretary; Miss Tilton, treasurer.

That's as far as I've written. What comes next?

Cobb—Christmas vacation, and then our principal, Mr. Clarke, assumed his duties in January. Now we come to the most important event of the year, our

Freshman social. Wonder of wonders, it was a success from a financial point of view, as well as socially, and we were one of the few Freshman classes to enjoy the distinction of having a surplus in our treasury when we became "upper classmen" in June.

El.—Back again in the fall of 1915, the merriest little bunch of sophomores that ever rolled a marble, changed names with one another, or enjoyed afternoon session slips.

Cobb—Yes, the other classes accused us of being the cause of the introduction of those slips—we couldn't get out of time after that. Don't forget the most important event of the athletic season, the hockey team's victory over Arlington. It quite threw the boys' victory over Revere into the shade.

El.—We were pretty much crowded for room until the addition was opened after Christmas vacation. With the extension of room our school activities were increased. On Mr. Clarke's suggestion, a High School Congress was formed, which proved very popular among the boys. In order to help us spend our long winter evenings profitably, mid-years were introduced.

Our class officers were William True, president; Martha Kuhlewein, vice-president; Kenneth French, secretary, Miss Tilton, treasurer.

Now I'm stuck; you go on from here.

Cobb—Why, we held our leap-year social, a complete success in every way. Also the track team was organized in the spring, and the boys made a good showing in the interurban meet. The trouble with Mexico gave us a little scare, but at last June brought us to the end of our halfway course.

El.—That was some vacation, I enjoyed every minute of it. When did we get back?

Cobb—October 2. About a month after we were scheduled to return as Ju-

niors. To make up for lost time they rearranged our daily schedule, and separated the boys from the girls in their home rooms. Very soon, however, Miss Ayres was obliged to hang a "No Trespassing" sign on her door—she knew why the Senior and Junior girls were wearing a path to her door each noon!

The class election was held early this year and one or two were barred from running because of the new ruling which required each candidate to have 36 points. Our officers were Joseph Burke, president; Muriel James, vice-president; Catherine Murray, secretary; Arthur Sullivan, Marshal, and Miss Tilton, treasurer.

El.—Some husky infants who had escaped the paralysis scare in other towns greeted us this year—Norman Foran, Blanche Verlin, Stella Honan. With these additions to our ranks no wonder we had such a successful athletic season.

Cobb—We were too busy making up for lost time at first to do much else but later on several new branches of activity were introduced. A glee club was formed under the direction of Mr. Findlay, our new music master. The whip-poor-will of 1918 was Marcus. The science club was also formed, and had a great following from the scientifically inclined in our class.

The P. A. L. club prize this year went to Henry Butterfield for the best essay on "Good Citizenship," with Alice Phinney a close second. Blanche Verlin and Inez Wingersky received honorable mention.

Thanks to clever press-agency, our Junior social was pronounced the success of the season.

El.—War, declared April 6, somewhat thinned our ranks. Howard Jenkins went into the Naval Reserve, and Allen Clayton and Kenneth Hayden enlisted as wireless operators. Earl Carder, Sam Patrick, Winthrop Nazro, Colby Bryden,

Frank Hallam and Cecil Thompson went to try life amid the cows, chickens, and potato bugs on Sherman Whipple's estate at Plymouth. In spite of the decrease in membership we had a champion baseball team. We were mighty glad to finish this strenuous year.

Cobb—We almost all came back in the fall of 1917—some from the farm, some from the Naval Reserve, and some from chasing nickels of the B. R. B. & L. R. R. Richard Tewksbury decided to join himself to our class. However, there were many changes in the Faculty, especially in the Science and Mathematics departments. Mr. Mode, now sub-master, Mr. Greenleaf, Miss Greenwood, and Miss Scammon filled the vacancies left by Miss Allen and Miss Newell. Our athletic season was most successful—champion football, field hockey, and basketball and baseball teams.

The boys had an army man drilling them, and some from our class became so proficient in Kaiser-swatting that they left to put that knowledge into practice. Frank Hallam, Cecil Thompson, Earl Carder and "Tickle" Tewksbury, left for active duty, while Reginald Schueler went to Tufts to fit himself for a chemist in Uncle Sam's service.

El.—The class officers, Senior year, were "Joey" Burke, president; Martha Kuhlewein, vice-president; Catherine Murray, secretary; Miss Tilton, treasurer, and Tom Griffiths, marshal. The Senior play, "Tom Pinch" made a decided hit, and greatly swelled the fund in our treasury. The cast included Alfred Osgood, Marjorie Nazro, "Midge" White, "Teddy" Cobb, "Tickle" Tewksbury, Arthur Sullivan, Alice Phinney, Marion Rogers, Gladys Packard, Lorenzo Baker, and Roger Pearson. We ran two socials, on December 14 and June 14. Both were informal.

Cobb—And this was the year when all stray nickels were equally divided among

War Savings Stamps, the Automatic Receiving Teller, and the Red Cross funds. Five classes of girls made surgical dressings for the Red Cross, and the boys again enlisted for farm work.

El.—We surely did spend four great years there!

Eenter Cip Murray—What! Mooning over old times? Come on out and see how Ingleside Park has changed.

CLASS PROPHECY.

154 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.,
June 25, 1928.

Dear Theresa:

Hearing of your successful Strong Tea Plantation in Japan, I knew you would be a willing and able donor to the worthy cause about which I will now tell you.

During our tour of the United States, Mary Dervan and I came to Boston, where Mary was to sing at Sympathy Hall and where I was to accompany her on the piano.

While visiting in Winthrop, we were requested to canvass the city for donations of money for the completion of the great amphitheatre in the process of building in Ingleside Park; this structure to be modeled after the Colosseum at Rome. As a result of the growth of Winthrop High School, this theatre is being built by the people of Winthrop to accommodate the pupils during their exercises and also for general purposes.

The former Osborne Hall has been remodelled into a library, designed by Anna Silberberg and made possible by the contributions of Roger Pearson, the great politician of the West. The pupils of the High School profit greatly by the aid of Gertrude Sullivan who presides there as head librarian.

Since we were anxious to do our bit in helping this good cause, we readily consented to try our luck.

After one day's efforts, we returned to

Winthrop where among the familiar, old streets we also saw new ones, and many improvements. We walked along one of these new streets and at last found the house for which we were looking.

Going up on the piazza, we rang the bell. The door was opened and a giggle was heard from the maid, who cried, "For the land sakes, Dolly Lappen, is that you?"

We looked at the uniformed maid and at last recognized Alice Tewksbury, who ushered us into the drawing room, at the same time informing us that her mistress would be home directly. After seating ourselves, Alice congratulated us on our success in the musical world. With some strange mutterings as to how the world had changed in ten years, she departed. Then, Mary asked if I had been as successful in receiving donations as she.

I informed her that my first subscriber was "Pete" LeCour, the largest stock holder in the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad, who referred me to E. D. Littlefield, the woman lawyer who won fame in the celebrated law suit of Allen Clayton, Professor of Science, against Dr. Inez Wingersky. Allen claimed that during an illness, Inez had administered to him an anaesthetic which nearly caused his death. After his recovery he sued Inez for using dangerous medicine. The suit was studied carefully and finally decided in favor of Inez, who had, it was learned, merely applied one of Alan's own patent drugs.

Mary said that her first subscriber was Wm. E. Sheehan, a prominent business man in whose office she met Mildred Pero, bead sales-woman for the U. S. Dictaphone Co.

After receiving liberal donations from both, on the way out, she met Eleanor McCarthy, the first woman Senator from Massachusetts, who told Mary of her interest in the theatre campaign. She invited Mary to accompany her shopping

which Mary willingly did. And where do you suppose they went?—To Mme. Martineau's fashionable millinery establishment where Blanche Verlin served as a charming model. Of course, they did not escape Mary's gentle touch.

Later, they found themselves in an oriental shop where Eleanor intended to buy some china. They were surprised to recognize Frances Frank, who told them that this supposed Chinese shop was run by Yon Yung, or John Young of Winthrop who was traveling in China, collecting antiques. She also showed the girls some beautiful vases painted by Constance Fernald who is an expert in that line.

That reminded me of how I had decided to return here when I met Lavonne Swift on Tremont street, coming out of her studio. It was such a pleasant surprise to meet Lavonne that I accepted her invitation to go to the movies. When we were comfortably seated, she told me of her work as an artist with Thelma Vickerson as her model. As our neighbors were casting annoyed looks at us, we decided to end our chatter and watch the pictures.

Imagine our surprise when we saw before us in "reel" life, Edward Barclay, acting heroically in spite of the obstacles placed in his way by the vampire, Lelah Moriarty. This picture in which they played, "The Feet of Clay," is Charles Foote's latest moving picture production.

Upon leaving the theatre, we entered Mildred Mooney's five and ten cent store where Martha Kuhlewein holds a responsible position as a designer of jewelry.

At this point in our conversation, the maid reappeared and informed us of the arrival of her mistress, Miriam McCarthy, the winsome widow of Winthrop.

After the general confusion had subsided, Miriam laid a plan before us. It was to give an entertainment, the proceeds of which would swell the theatre fund.

We approved of the plan and made arrangements for the program which was to be very interesting, as the Class of Nineteen Eighteen alone was to perform.

John Keenan, successor to Sousa and a famous musician, was to open the performance by conducting an overture. Under his leadership the famous Sousa's band has added glory to its wide reputation.

This was to be followed by a dramatic reading of Children's Stories by Catherine Murray. Catherine is the delight of every audience who has heard her on account of the beauty of her expression.

Also, George Abely, the well-known comedian, was to sing one of Marion Fox's latest compositions, accompanied by Gladys Kehew who still amuses her friends by playing ragtime.

A great surprise was in store, a violin solo by Helen Ingalls. Miss Ingalls has travelled widely during the course of her studies and has been awarded many prizes for her talent.

We were very fortunate in procuring Gladys Packard and Marjorie Nazro, the stars of the footlights, to give a sketch of modern life.

Dr. Mary Howell held the audience spell-bound with narrations of some of her experiences in France during the recent war. Dr. Howell has just completed the last volume of her "History of the Great World War."

From pathos to humor, the eyes of all filled with tears of laughter at Ursula Muldoon's witty sayings and contortions.

The performance was brought to a grand finale by the interpretation of nature dances by Dorothy Cousins and Howard Jenkins, assisted by Marjorie White and many pupils.

We were about to depart from Miriam's house when a slight disturbance was heard at the door and in came "Jimmy" James. She was violently waving a newspaper in her hand, which action

proved the statement that Muriel is the champion woman bowler of Massachusetts and still has a strong right arm.

In the paper was a detailed account of Joseph Burke's admirable work in restoring "home-rule" in Ireland. Joey has upheld the great record of his namesake (Edmund Burke), in dealing with Ireland's troubles.

Then Mary inquired if "Jimmy" knew of the whereabouts of any of our former classmates.

Whereupon "Jimmy" told us that Sybil Carstensen was the dean of an exclusive academy for young ladies and had won the love and respect of all her pupils by her sweet personality. Although Sybil's academy is in Maryland, she is not lonesome because Stella Honan is the gymnasium teacher there, and Dawn Gleason is in charge of the domestic science course. Even Abraham Marcus' revised "Spelling Book and Dictionary Combined" is in use in Maryland.

As it was time to depart, we decided to stay at Marion Roger's Hotel. It is one of Winthrop's greatest attractions and is run exceptionally well, the food being served by George Plakias, caterer. It is said that distinguished guests stop there, this week those of note being Leonard Russell, Governor of Cuba and Reginald Schueler, the modern wonder, who invented the remarkable explosive which blew up the German submarine bases, Zeebrugge and Ostend. These great men were in Winthrop booming the campaign.

After bidding adieus to our friends, we started for the hotel, which, I forgot to say, is situated in Point Shirley which place has been beautified and rebuilt by Hildus Williams, until it now rivals Newport, Rhode Island, as an exclusive summer resort.

We were surprised to see a rather familiar face draw up a car alongside the curbstone and offer to give us a lift. It

was none other than "Dode" Sewall, who has at last decided to give up her many colors and settle down to quiet brown. (Browne.)

We were met in the hotel lobby by Evelyn Ham, President of the Working Girls' Welfare Society, and Olive Evans, companion to a wealthy Canadian woman, Doris Hannaford. These girls wore broad smiles and told us of their pleasant afternoon spent at Smith's Rolling (Roland) Circus in which Lorenzo Baker featured as a tight-rope walker. He still assumes his careless manner by yodelling during his dare-devil stunts.

Another important factor which added charm and mystery to the circus was the magical fortune teller, Pauline Itzkowitz, but the scene which made one's hair stand on end was that of Mlle. Lyllyenne Nelsonne. She and her jungle pets performed daring tricks which won the admiration of all.

The act which received the people's greatest applause, however, was the performance of acrobatic and diving stunts by the famous Reade Sisters, supported by Helen Scott. These young women owe their fame to practice at Winthrop Beach in their earlier years.

We left our friends in order to register our names and to buy a magazine on foreign social events. Incidentally, this magazine was edited by Annie McAuliffe.

Then a sweet appearing young woman approached us and invited us into a near-by room. It was the famous beauty parlor of Mildred Donoghue and Bertha Fors, who give hints to all unfortunate brunettes who seek their aid. The chief attraction in the parlor was George Ostman, the demonstrator for light hair bleaches.

A few minutes later, we entered the elevator which was run by Marguerite Sheehan who has kept her position obtained during the war and proves her ability to maintain a man's position.

While endeavoring to pass away the time before dining, Mary had comfortably seated herself in a chair, reading the magazine just purchased. Suddenly, she cried, "Well, who do you suppose is here?—Jacob Marcus, the celebrated American reformer has at last established a democracy in Russia, modelled on the Constitution of the United States."

I hastened to look over her shoulder and read that Caroline Baker was trying to regain her lost color by climbing the Alps. I remarked how wonderful it was that the ruined French villages were being rebuilt so rapidly. There was something on that very subject: the Verry Sisters of Boston are taking a prominent part in this work.

Suddenly realizing the time, we descended to the dining room where we were entertained by many clever artists, among whom were the graceful skaters, Doris Mortimer and Bertha Miller. A curious sound was heard at an adjoining table which we recognized as Henry Casttensen's laugh. "Henny" was entertaining three of his old chums, Arthur Sullivan, model for men's up-to-date clothing, Thomas Griffiths, the young officer who distinguished himself recently in France, and Richard Anthony, the great American "Ace" by relating to them interesting stories of his adventures abroad, while teaching our national game of baseball.

The cries of a newsboy attracted our attention. As curiosity got the better of us, we bought a paper, and lo! and behold, all the excitement was about Rosalie Cobb, the wonderful chemist. She had barely escaped with her life as a result of an explosion caused by one of her experiments. Rosalie will now retire to the quiet life of fishing. Glancing over the paper, we noticed an article in the personal column written by Dorothy Gilgan, telling of Edmund Woodcock's active methods in speeding South Ameri-

can trade. There was also an article on the work of the Red Cross Society in which Noreen McGurn did admirable work as a nurse. This society is still to continue its work, administering to the needy.

Sometime later, we received invitations to attend the wedding of Margaret Gilgan. She will again don the bridal veil of nineteen eighteen, as rehearsed in Osborne Hall.

At the reception, we met many old friends, among whom was the Rev. "Tickle" Tewksbury, who performed the ceremony. Beautiful music was rendered by Estelle Mathewson, organist. The bride's costume was especially attractive, having been designed and made by Grace Horton, the fashionable dressmaker.

Many comments were also passed on the tasteful arrangement of the bride's hair which was beautifully dressed by Marion Benson, who uses charm and individuality in catering to her customers.

Katherine Tierney assisted as maid of honor. Dorothea Bergin, secretary to Edwin Cobb, the Mayor of Springfield and Marguerite Dunn, the popular coach, were to be bridesmaids.

Those who served as ushers were Lester Jenks, a member of Bar Harbor's four hundred and a writer on drawing room etiquette, Alfred Osgood of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, and Norman Foran, the champion long distance runner of the world.

We soon learned that Samuel Patrick, President of the First National Bank of Winthrop, has changed during these few years and surprised us with his fluent conversation with members of the opposite sex.

He told us of Edith Douglas' success as a teacher of English in South America and of Ruth Benson's intention of joining Edith soon.

Winthrop Nazro, Patrick said, had perfected many new farming implements

and his inventions have been sent to the Patent Office at Washington where Marjorie Lee holds a responsible position.

Another of the guests present was Vina Peterson, who has recently been admitted to the Winthrop High School Faculty, as a teacher of penmanship.

We heard from Vina of Vera Winger-sky's new dental office in town and learned that Everett Hazel has accomplished great work in Alaska as a civil engineer.

We were delighted to meet again Alice Phinney, the celebrated novelist, who honored the reception with her presence.

She showed us a letter from Carolyn Metcalf in which Carolyn told of her performing reckless deeds on an Arizona ranch, challenging the wildest of cowboys.

She also told us that Viola Jackson is accountable for the safe crossing at Filleene's Corner, where she maintains order as a mounted police-woman.

The most honored guest of the evening was Colby Bryden, who made his name and that of Winthrop immortal by signing and composing the Declaration of Peace of the Great World War.

After discussing the events of the evening, we thought that we could not have come to Boston at a more opportune time, and the desired sum would soon be raised for the theatre, because there were so many members of our class, who all have been taught to support our school and its needs.

We hope that the next time we come to Boston, we shall be able to entertain our friends in the theatre for which we have all waited so long.

Now that I have related to you in detail the purpose of our plan and have also told you of our old friends, I hope you will contribute as generously as possible.

Sincerely,

Theresa Strong,

Mary Dervan.

Dolly.

Lillian Lappen,

ADDRESS TO THE LOWER CLASSES.

Schoolmates:

As the present school year draws to a close and the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen will go out from the dear old High School where we have been growing and developing for four long years, into broader fields for further cultivation, I take this opportunity to tell you with what keen regret our close associations with you in the class room are at an end, but friendships formed leave memories that will ever be dear to us.

How well do I remember the first stages of our career when we were transplanted from the garden of the grammar school to the broader fields of the High School. We were young then and needed much cultivation and attention. As we developed under careful supervision, some of us, I will not say all, began to show signs of life.

By June, nineteen hundred and fifteen, beginning to see the light, we took on a more healthy appearance and we were better able to withstand the attacks of germs of procrastination and the, "oh, I forgot" insects.

The sophomore year found us soaring above the primitive freshmen with an unusual amount of conceit. Now we had a year's growth in advance of our newly planted neighbors. Our growth was not so great, however, that we were rid of all our faults. The teachers will vouch for this.

In the third year of our career, some of us may have let the pests of non-attention greatly stunt our growth, while others, developing into some definite shape, rid themselves of most of these demoralizing germs.

At last we attained the height of our ambition, we were dignified seniors. One more year of cultivation and the finishing touches were put on and we are ready for the market and must stand the

inspection of the public. Just two weeks ago, two of our strongest and sturdiest plants have been transferred to distant fields where, with an advanced course of training, they will be prepared for the fields of our sister allies and then beyond a doubt will prove themselves to be specimens of the rarest sort. Such will stand firmly against the onrushing flood of Hun pests.

With this brief description of ourselves, you underclass-mates may get an idea of what it is to prepare one's self to be of use to the public.

Young people are not apt to take advice, but let me tell you that experience is sometimes a very dear teacher, and much time might be wasted, so profit whenever you can by the mistakes of others.

The present existing conditions make it apparent that you underclass-mates must take a little more serious view of life. Already our government has shown its need of you. It has appealed to you to buy Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, to assist the Red Cross, to conserve time, food and money, so it is imperative that you drink in the essentials that go to make up perfect types of manhood and womanhood; conscientious, honest, and loyal citizens. You may be called upon to meet the supreme test, that of offering your lives upon the altar of your country and will you be found wanting? The human race is divided into two classes, those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire why it wasn't done the other way.

Do what you can, not what you cannot; not what you think ought to be done, not what you would like to do; not what you would do if you had more time, not what somebody else thinks you ought to do, but do what you can.

Ability does not depend upon the volume of acquirements one may possess,

but instead it depends upon an honesty of purpose and courage, derived from one's common sense. Lincoln said, "Let us have faith that Right makes Might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Leonard Russell.

IVY ORATION.

The planting of the ivy is one of the symbolic features of Class Day. This plant is an emblem of our love for the school, which has played such an important part in our lives. It represents the ladder of success which everyone should aspire to attain.

In planting this vine upon this building, which we have learned to love so well, we are leaving a memorial of our school days, the happiest days of our youth. We are no longer children, but young men and women, about to set forth on the highway of mature life.

The ivy is a very ambitious plant. It does not content itself with growing along the dark, cold ground but seeks higher realms with more space in which to climb, nearer the sun's warm rays. Why should we not take example from the ivy and not be content with the trivial things in life, that are within our grasp, but aspire to reach those that are worth while and require work and thought? Then shall we feel more satisfied with our lives.

With our country at war and with men sacrificing their lives every day, one should try his utmost to become a citizen worthy of the name American. Then we can fill the places of those at war and thus help our country.

Each year will reveal to us its store of surprises and, as the ivy spreads its foliage, we shall expand and broaden our ideas. Some of us will, doubtless, reach the top of the ladder while others may find the way difficult, but, nevertheless,

less, we must keep on striving and aiming in the right direction, always upward.

As other classes graduate they will plant their vines, until in time we shall not be able to distinguish ours from theirs. But still we know that it is there making our building more beautiful. In the same way as we all set forth into real life we shall not be together, but we shall know that somewhere each member of our class is contributing his share to make the world a better place to live in.

In placing the root of this vine in the ground we are establishing the foundation of our careers. Who knows what the future has in store for us? We do know that everyone cannot hope to acquire fame and that our success depends wholly upon ourselves. Our lives are what we make them. No matter how small a place we may fill we must fill it well. We must not forget that even though it may be a small thing, it has a significant part in the affairs of the world. Each of us can do something to make life more beautiful. One small vine of ivy has its share in beautifying a place even though that place may be a rock in the midst of ruins.

As each member of this class makes his way in the world may he remember this ceremony, the planting of the ivy. Let him resolve never to do anything of which this building or this ivy may be ashamed. May he remember that he has had a share in making this building more beautiful. Even though he cannot recognize the vine that his class has planted, he may have the satisfaction of knowing that it is there, for though

"Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,

And nations have scattered been,
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green."

Inez Wingersky.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.

Early last spring a Federal Board of Vocational Education was formed in this country for the benefit of the boys and girls who intended to enter the pursuits of agriculture, commerce and industry, with the idea of giving them a more valuable technical and mechanical training. This board had been formed before the entrance of the United States into the war by an act of Congress.

Soon after the work and original plan had started our government accepted the state of war, and the idea was somewhat changed and the development and procedure already made were turned over to be used in the special and expert training of certain mechanics, machinists, laborers and technicians for the United States Army.

The national government and the governments of the states had intended in the first place to stand the expense, but the national government has taken it over for the more recent plan and is establishing schools throughout the country for this purpose, and is directing the formation of training centers for war purposes in every region.

There are in all about one hundred and twenty-two technical and engineering schools in the United States, and among them are such colleges as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Yale Scientific School, Armour Institute of Chicago, and the Carnegie School of Pittsburgh. All probably will be used next summer for the training of skilled soldiers. It has also been planned to use such public schools as have machine shops and manual training equipment and if these are not sufficient the government will use certain industrial plants at night or on Sundays.

The fact is sometimes overlooked that for every man at the front, there is one behind the lines. The men behind the

lines have to look after transportation, convenient and speedy communications, and to keep the machinery of the combined armies in perfect condition. Much of the winning of this war will be done in the factories and foundries in contrast with the wars of former times.

Germany had foreseen this very clearly and prepared. Prince Bismarck planned for it and immediately put it into execution. All young men are trained in some one or other special course which would be beneficial and necessary to their perfect war machine which was the result. This training is compulsory and employers have to let their boys go for a period of time.

An example of this special training was the detachment of twenty thousand machinists with the German invading army of Belgium. The men were expert workers with oxy-acetylene gas, used for cutting and welding steel. This gas is extremely powerful and can be used in the repair or immediate destruction of guns and machinery. It will cut through twelve inch steel as though it were cheese. It will, within a few minutes, cut a big gun in half and applied to the bore of a gun a few seconds it will completely destroy it. The Germans realized the importance of these workers, and wisely trained a small army of them.

Our government is trying to select a corps of machinists to be sent directly to France. The need in all lines is so great that the Adjutant-General of the army has sent instruction to the commands of the various departments of the country to train men in these different occupations which number up to eighty-seven. The most important ones are electricians, blacksmiths, engineers and auto and gas engine men. Bridge builders and metal workers are also greatly needed. The Federal Vocational Board has recently received an appeal from the air division for trained mechanical and

technical men. There are so many different needs that it seems a man with any trade under the sun is wanted and needed.

The next important task and duty of this war training board will be the rehabilitation of our crippled, wounded or otherwise disabled soldiers and sailors.

It will take in the men who come home from France to recover and to lie in hospitals. They will be taught trades fitted to their especial ability before they go out to live and "carry on" in the work remaining and suitable to them.

In order that they may be able to earn their living as soon as they have recovered and not be dependent on the government, relatives, or friends, the board plans to have the instruction in the hospitals, instructing the convalescent men. The government will have to send twelve hundred teachers with every one million men they send overseas.

France, England, and Germany have been able to use eighty per cent of the wounded men. The aim is to place them where they will be of the same value as the physically perfect man regardless of their being minus an arm or leg, and there are innumerable crafts for them. The men are given artificial hands and feet and at present many are running farm tractors right up in the Canadian wheatfields.

This training is not only necessary to self-support and physical ability but also to the mental and nervous system of these war-stricken men.

It is figured that the increase in value of labor and production to the government will be enough to more than pay the bonded interest debt, which will have been incurred at the finish of the war and the call of peace.

C. Lester Jenks.

THE ECHO

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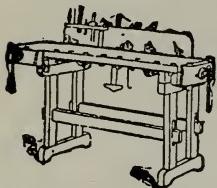
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